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# THE TRINITY TABLET

ESTABLISHED APRIL 11, 1868

TRINITY COLLEGE  
VOL. XXXVIII



MAY 20, 1905  
No. 9

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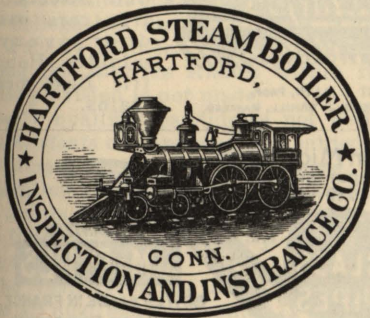
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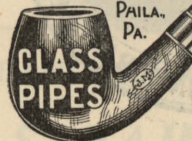
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# THE TRINITY TABLET

V

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The College has distinct courses of four years in Arts, Science, Letters and Science, and in Letters. The Faculty includes thirteen professors, seven instructors, five lecturers, librarian, medical director. Among the Elective studies within the respective courses there is no important subject for which adequate provision is not made.

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## EDITORIALS

**A**THLETICS are constantly referred to as college warfare. The comparison becomes rather striking at most times, but at present, and here in college, it offers a rather practical moral. Its lesson, if it had been taught earlier in the year, would have gone far towards solving the difficulty that now besets us. The Mikado of Japan a few months ago communicated to his people his desire that they dispense with their customary illuminations and costly demonstrations after the future victories of the



national arms. And why? Was it because of the terrible losses that would accompany the engagements, or out of chivalrous respect for the grief of the vanquished? Apparently not, for the reason given was an entirely practical one, and quite sufficient in itself. The money to have been used in celebration was to be donated to the war fund. Is not the analogy and the moral clear?

---

ONE objection that we have heard urged against the above argument is that although we want victory, the real aim of athletics is excitement and enjoyment, and that both are to be found as much in the celebration as at the game itself. Though we cannot dispute the latter statement, the premise is not sound. Whether it be deplored as a sign of the deterioration of the country's sporting spirit, or excused on the grounds that undergraduates simply exhibit another phase of the national lust for competition that pushes America forward, the fact remains the same. College athletes play to win, and try to do so just as hard as any professionals. Sometimes they try harder; in fact, the game that draws the greatest crowds necessitates greater risks and sacrifices than are to be undertaken for money alone. Football is played at its best only by college men who still have their Alma Mater's name entrusted to their care. Yes, the desire for victory must be accepted. Graduates will find it in themselves as well as their younger brothers, if they examine their feelings as they go home from their college's game, or even as they read the score in the paper. We beg financial support for our teams because they cannot win without it, and you give it for the same reason.



IN spite of the fact that most college men who give the matter any thought, will agree that the celebration of victory is quite secondary to the victory itself, and the continued success of the team, it is true that it is easier to collect money for a demonstration than for the management. Lovers of bonfire refreshments and triumphal music defend their assessments by saying that the means so collected would not have been given in any other way. Unfortunately, however, the source of contribution generally is apt to be drained dry. It looks very much now in college as if this were nearly the case. The one argument that a manager on the war-path for contributions cannot refute is the reply that, "I haven't a cent, and my credit is gone." When this somewhat pathetic regret is backed up by a recitation of the unnecessary things subscribed to in the past two months it becomes rather maddening to the manager. The situation, in fact, must be considered seriously by everyone in college, and it amounts to this: We have had a most successful season, the best, so far, that Trinity has seen for a good many years, but it has necessarily been a very expensive one. Is not Japan's example a good one, and may it not be followed in more than one way?





## THE YOUNGEST MEMBER

A STORY OF TRINITY COLLEGE

(Permission of *Pittsburgh Bulletin*)

PORTLY but dignified, warm but interested, the committee stalked through the aisle of the Pullman, took their seats and plunged into deep discussion. Hot and tired, aching and homesick, the Youngest Member sank back in a chair, crossed his legs, pushed back the hateful silk hat from his perspiring boyish forehead and closed his weary eyes.

The committee was rated in the Parliamentary records as "The Committee for the Investigation of Colleges, Schools and Educational Institutions in the United States of America." The Youngest Member was recorded in *Burke's Peerage* as "Wolfred Albert Winston, Bart., of Wintershire, returned to the lower house from Brittleigate: and late resident at Christ Church College, Oxford."

At first, Winston had welcomed his appointment to the long-titled committee, partly for the honor, partly for the chance of seeing a new country, and partly because the memories of his undergraduate days were still so green that he welcomed the connection with anything pertaining to a college.

But the rugged British endurance, which took no note of an all day's grouse shooting on the moors of Wintershire, had not been proof against American pavements, the American elevated and American conductors, with the result that Wolfred Albert Winston, Bart., was as homesick and tired a young Englishman as could be found in exile from the little island.



The committee had been met at the wharf by an imposing delegation and whirled at once to the great Waldorf-Astoria. Then they had been taken in charge by a businesslike young man in a businesslike suit and whirled to visit the businesslike University of Blank. From here the committee had been taken in hand by more businesslike young men, whirled to more businesslike universities, and had been entertained in a thoroughly businesslike and enterprising way.

This had all been very pleasing and instructing to the larger part of the committee, and many chubby notebooks were filled with drawings, plans and statistics; with methods and systems; with rates and proportions. But Winston had been overwhelmed from the start. After the first day his brain had been swimming and his eyes smarting with a chaos of fire-proof buildings, electric lights, safety elevators, tiled halls, organized libraries and classified departments, until he had sworn in his inmost soul that another of these ready-made universities would be the death of the young member from Brittlesgate. He had visited a grey granite campus and longed for the green lawns of Oxford. He had ridden to the gates of a college by an elevated road and cried out within himself for the shady coolness of Addison's Walk or the sight of a sturdy porter wheeling a student's box from the Oxford station. He had seen dormitories with swimming pools and brass-buttoned bell-boys, and had offered the Fates any price for the sight of a worn wooden hallway and a black-clad scout. He had inspected huge gymnasia, only to be overcome with homesickness for a careless freshman, clad in flannels, bowling a cricket ball on a green field. And the red note-book of the Youngest Member contained but two pages of utterly illegible and sparsely written notes.



And now, while the committee rattled and chattered in heated discussion of methods and buildings, the Youngest Member leaned back in his chair and scowled at the passing landscape, while his homesickness changed to ill-temper and his weariness to a savage disgust. Then, leaning forward, he learned from the most approachable of the older members that the next institution for inspection was Trinity College, and his savage humor doubled with an inward remark that it was absolute sacrilege to call one of these ready-to-wear, ironclad colleges by a name made sacred with all the traditions of Oxford and Cambridge, and resolved that if his note-book contained any report at all it would have a page of withering adjectives for this upstart institution.

The train stopped at Hartford, the committee was met by a delegation from the faculty, and Winston's heart leaped at the sight of a cap and gown. His good humor increased as he leaned back in his carriage, enjoying a drive through a shaded avenue, out of the city, and up a long ascent to the college, which proved to be on the top of a hill, on one side a cliff, on the other, surrounded by fields, and not—praise the powers,—part of a city block. And when, that night, Winston found himself assigned to a college room, and not whirled off again to a hotel, he was almost restored to his normal, good-natured frame of mind.

The next day was Sunday. Winston was awakened by the early June sun creeping in through the curtains of his room, and in a much more comfortable frame of mind than of the previous evening, the Youngest Member lay stretched out luxuriously, slowly absorbing the sights and sounds around him. A slight breeze stirred the white curtain, which gave a petulant little flap, and Winston no-



ticed a thick wall, a deep recess, a quaint mullioned window, and heard the shivering and whispering of the ivy on the outside of the brown-stone wall.

Then the sunlight grew stronger, the breeze died down. Winston arose and dressed.

After a breakfast with the president, the committee was escorted in solemn order to the chapel. But the summer morning and the cool freshness of the green campus were too much for their decorum, and the committee, with their conductors, lingered around the chapel door, in the gathering crowd of students, whose dark clothes were brightened by the summer dresses of a few ladies, wives of the members of the faculty, and visitors. Winston took off his hat,—the hated silk hat,—let the little breeze cool his forehead, and watched the students as they came, singly, in twos and threes, and in groups, from all directions, across and up the broad walk. Then the sexton standing, watch in hand and overflowing with authority, called "Time," and the visitors turned to follow their guide into the chapel, but Winston had time to hear one or two good-natured protests of "Oh, Robert," and "There's two minutes yet," from one or two men on the outskirts of the crowd who were ardent lovers of nature when the alternative was a sermon by the president; to see two or three men, still on the far edges of the campus, start to run, and to hear their faint cries of "Hold it! Hold it!"

At the door, Winston's disappointment threatened to return, and, for an instant, visions of a great hall, with light woods, a smell of varnish, and,—horror of horrors,—a sea of cane-seated chairs flashed before his imagination. But the nightmare was soon dispelled, for the party had entered the door and the Youngest Member saw a long,



narrow chapel, with dark woods, stained glass windows, stone trimmings, great studded cross-beams overhead, and best of all, the high pews or stalls running *lengthwise* along the side walls, with the aisle in the middle.

Nor did the disappointment ever return, for Winston sat in his back seat, waxing strong in good humor with each successive minute as he saw the men carelessly sauntering in during the organ prelude, loath to leave the fresh summer air outside; watched the surpliced president conduct the simple service, and smiled in sympathy with the boyish choir at the far end of the chapel. Then, when it was over, they all stood while the president and his assistant walked solemnly down the aisle, and while the students slowly followed them, first the seniors, then the juniors, then the underclassmen, walking with strained dignity through the inner door, then quickening into a rush as they burst through the outer door into the sunshine.

Then followed two more days, which were days of immeasurable joy to the homesick Youngest Member. All the morning he would wander across the green campus, watching the students in their light-colored summer clothes lying in little groups under the trees or wandering back and forth in the yellow sunlight. He caught scraps of conversation, witnessed bits of horse-play, and even joined in the general laugh when he overheard one black-eyed Southerner tell a group of men how he had seen Eddie, the old janitor, who was engaged in putting rings of fertilizer around the trees on the campus, put a similar ring around the flag-pole.

Then in the long afternoons Winston would excuse himself from the rounds of inspection made by the committee, walk along the cliff, and watch the shaggy green hills fade



away into the blue mountains in the far distance, or stroll into the cool, quiet library with its quaint alcoves, its old memorials, dedicated in stilted Latin to past and gone students with most American names, which had successfully resisted all efforts to Latinize them, and all marked with some such phrase as "*Huius comites hanc tabellam posuerunt.*"

Then, towards dusk, Winston would stroll off to his own room, with its great oak door, lean back in luxurious ease on the broad window seat, swing open the leaded French windows and watch the men on the campus. Far down on the athletic field he could see the baseball team at practice. First, a brown-clad pitcher would double himself up in contortions, the batter would make a frantic lunge, the fielders would run a few steps and look up at the flying ball, the runner would scramble for his base, and *then* by the slowness of sound would come the *crack* of the bat. On the neighboring track two or three white-clad runners were practicing starts. Winston could see them walk around with dainty steps, little steps, treading high on their toes. Then they would hop to their marks and crouch in a line. Then a trainer, in his shirt-sleeves, would hold up a pistol that flashed in the sun. Then would come a little ball of smoke, and the runners would dart forward, one far ahead of the others. Then they would come back and do it all over again.

At last the shadows would lengthen; the baseball men would gather up their bats and sweaters and make a dash for the gymnasium; the track men would start off on a long, slow jog; the straw-hatted, white-trousered students would come up in groups from the athletic field, from the town and from the buildings, stroll laughingly across the campus, and disappear in the section doorways of the long dormitories.



But the best of all was the last evening. Winston had walked over from a late dinner, and had found the long walk dotted with little fires which made the dark campus look like the bivouac of an army. As he walked nearer he saw groups of men sitting around each tiny blaze, which had been built partly to keep off the night insects and partly for cheeriness. The nearest group was singing. First they sang airs of the day, then college songs; then, as the mood grew deeper and more solemn, plaintive negro melodies and the "old, old songs." Then another group would answer, 'way down at the end of the last section. From time to time bits of laughter would come from somewhere or other, or a little flame would flare up in the darkness, as some late comer, crossing the campus, paused to light his pipe. Then the little fires died out, one by one, and the groups of men strolled off to their rooms. But Winston sat in his window until the last one had gone, and heard, just after midnight, the strains of "'Neath the Elms" float up through the darkness, first quick and then slow, then quick again. Winston could hear the first verse:

"'Neath the elms of our old Trinity,  
'Neath the elms of our dear old Trinity,"

where the tenors soared on the high notes, then slowly joined the melody again with

"Oh it's seldom we'll meet  
In the moonlight so sweet,  
'Neath the elms of our old Trinity."

The voices grew softer and softer after each verse, and the last of all came a repetition of the first verse, so low and so faint that Winston could hardly hear the words:



"Oh it's seldom we'll meet  
In the moonlight so sweet,  
'Neath the elms of our old Trinity,"

fade away in the darkness.

Then all became still, and there was no sound on the black campus save the chirping of the crickets and the faint, far-off barking of a dog, but Winston sat on his window seat for a full half hour longer, grasping the stone sill, with tears in his eyes, staring out into the night.

The next day the committee had left the college, and the chairman had written in his fat note-book:

"Trinity College, Hartford: Two hundred men; good faculty; arts, science and engineering. Not very modern. Upper class. *Remarks:* Very pretty situation and hospitable entertainers."

But the great tribute came from the Youngest Member, for, as they rode, side by side to the station, Winston turned to the young instructor of philology, who had regarded his silent companion as a somewhat moody young Englishman, and said,—absolutely no preface:

"You know, Mr. Smith, when I first came here I begrudged you the name of Trinity College; but, by George, sir, you're welcome to it a dozen times."

*Philip Everett Curtiss.*





## WON BY STRATEGY

THE sun was streaming down with all its splendor over the mountain and meadows which hem in on all sides that beautiful little town, Bethlehem, New Hampshire. Near the top of one of these grand mountains two persons were stumbling aimlessly along, Clarence Sheldon and Elsie Strong. They had almost reached the summit when a white, damp cloud rolled noiselessly over the mountain and blotted out from their view the tower, chimneys and village of Bethlehem,—in other words, the world. Clarence turned his eyes towards Elsie. In the damp air the girl's hair curled more distractingly than ever. Never had he seen it when it framed the low forehead in so bewildering a mass of rings, curves and waves.

"You look rather neat yourself," she laughed in response to his eloquent glance of approval.

"We won't talk about that," was his quiet reply. "This walk to 'Crawford Notch' has an object." She opened her eyes wide. "Certainly," she assented politely, "'Crawford Notch,' for instance. If it has any other object,"—she went on, sternly,—“if you are going back to that old subject, I won't go a step farther.”

By this time they were moving in the midst of a cloud. It was his turn to be innocent. "You mean,—oh," with a fine imitation of impatience. "Doesn't a girl ever forget it if a man has once happened to fancy himself in love with her, and said so." The pink of the girl's cheeks deepened suddenly and unaccountably. Out of the corner of his eye the youth observed this interesting fact with cruel glee, reflecting with a pang that he should have chosen diplomacy as a vocation instead of engineering.



"You should forgive and forget the sins of my youth," he resumed. "You know you insisted that you would always be the best of friends, and that is what I need now."

"You change quickly enough, I must say," she remarked, with some heat. "It isn't six months since—" "Since what?" he challenged. But she turned away and did not reply, while the walls of mist lazily closed in nearer and nearer.

"What do you want to tell me?" she questioned, in an oddly subdued manner.

He did not answer immediately, but swung ahead of her in the narrow path, as if he were making a way for her through the mist. So he had got over his love for her. She felt a shuddering sense of desolation. Still, she argued, she could scarce have supposed he would go on caring, especially since she had explained to him with judicial carefulness that she must marry a man with money, on account of her mother and the younger girls. Strangely enough, though she had pictured herself as married to another, there had always been a sombre, interesting figure hovering in the background of that picture, one to whom she meant to be so kind, so gentle, so all sweet, that his regret should become like a beautiful, sad song, to be wept over and enjoyed. And now the brute was asking her to "forgive and forget" that he had ever told her that he loved her! They had reached the summit of the mountain, and he proposed that they sit down upon a convenient boulder to rest, before attempting the next one. Apparently her silence was unnoticed. "You see, fate's been telling off my buttons lately," he began in a businesslike tone, "and the decree is that it has got to be money!"

"What do you mean?" "Rich woman, poor woman,



beggar woman, squaw," he replied, touching the buttons on his jacket, and the lot fell to rich woman every time.

"It seems a beastly thing to think of marrying for money. I would be foolish enough to do it, but the thing is that there's a girl,—a mighty fine girl,—and I really—I—hang it, I like her! But how am I to tell whether it's the real thing, or whether her money has something to do with it? You see, there are reasons why I should have money right away, long before I can hope to gain it by my own efforts. The governor is breaking down, and his affairs are in bad shape, and there are the two sisters and mother to provide for."

The girl's heart was sinking as the mercury does in a falling temperature. All the joy of living seemed to be oozing away through her finger tips, leaving her cold and inert. He turned towards her curiously.

"Of course, you don't think I'd consider such a thing if I were not forced to it by duty!" he went on, fervently. "And I came to you because I thought you'd understand, because circumstances are forcing you into the same thing. They say you are going to marry Grant. You'll be a rich woman and a happy one, I hope, but whether you are or not, you will have done your duty by the family. That will be your consolation, and that's why I come to you in my difficulty. What do you think? Can I decently ask the girl to marry me? Remember, I like her, but I'm not sure I love her."

The fog, which had seemed about to crush them softly a few moments before, was now falling back, but they were still in a remote world. With the very sight of habitations cut off from view, it was hard to believe in the reality of purple and fine linen, horses, carriages, and gold. Suddenly the



scales fell from the girl's eyes, though she realized with a pang that it was too late. She had put the only thing that mattered out of her life as thoughtlessly and carelessly as she would toss a pebble from her path. She had not even realized what she was doing.

Down below, where the Grant fortune cast its glamour, everything had looked different. She had thought that with money all things else must fall into place. But here, cut off from the world, the Grant wealth seemed less than nothing, and love the only thing.

Farther and farther the fog receded, showing thin in spots, but still concealing the valley beneath them. But she was very sure now. Even when the world assumed its old proportion, it would be the same. She had had her lesson. Her eyes were grave and ungirlish as she spoke.

"I'm not going to marry Ralph Grant," she said, steadily, "nor any other man, whom I don't love. So you see I can't help you, after all! I don't think I could ever really have meant to do such a thing." Her voice broke, and the eyes that had been looking into his with a pleading stronger than any words, suddenly filled with tears.

"I'm such a silly," she explained rather unevenly, "but I hate to be accused of such a thing. And I think you ought to be ashamed, Clarence! You're a man, and you can make money for yourself and—"

But he seemed to be paying no attention to her words. With deep absorption he was naming the buttons on her coat, as if he were consulting an oracle. "Rich man, poor man, beggar man, chief, doctor, lawyer, merchant, thief. Rich man, poor man!" He stopped, looking anxiously for another button, but there was none there.

"You see!" she cried triumphantly. "Perhaps you've



made a mistake in your own case, too." And she slowly counted the buttons. "Poor woman!" she announced, and then something in her glance brought the gloom back to her face, and her head went down upon his shoulder.

The thin places in the fog gave way, leaving two jagged spaces that framed a beautiful picture. Down below the sun was shining on the trees and hedges, among which nestled the houses of the town. The girl caught her breath. She felt as if it were a benediction, a revelation of the peace of the years to come.

"But what about our families?" she asked, in a troubled voice, when the mist had blotted out the pictures once more. He laughed joyously.

"See that!" he said, holding out a brawny right arm.

*Reginald I. Spier.*

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### COMPLEYNT OF THE STUDENT

When the Professor calls on me,  
And says "define Philosophy,  
And tell how being comes to be;"

I am not it.

When on the home-plate I am placed,  
I try my best the ball to paste,  
But fan the air with frantic haste,

I can not hit.

But when I call on Emeline,  
Her merry greeting answers mine,  
And hints in manner feminine,

That I am it.

How can I shine in games of skill,  
Or write on "Freedom of the Will,"  
And role of "Modern Student" fill,

When I am hit?

J.



## THE VICTORS

## DEATH.

On my errands to and fro,  
Hasteless, ceaseless, still I go,  
Calling men incessantly—  
They must rise and follow me:  
I conquer men.

## FAME.

Holding high my torch of flame,  
Lighting up the deathless name,  
I give life through endless years,  
Making men immortal peers:  
I conquer death.

## TIME.

As my years roll on and on,  
Memory's light grows dim and wan,  
Then is quenched—the name is gone,  
Buried in oblivion:  
I conquer fame.

## LOVE.

Brief my hours, and swift they pass  
Like the sunlight on the grass.  
Death and fame I reck not of,  
I am called immortal love:  
I conquer time.

J.





## COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

SINCE our last issue, Trinity has been called upon to mourn the death of two of her sons, Colonel Jacob L. Greene, H, 1904, who was secretary of the Board of Trustees and in many other ways closely identified with the college, and Sherwood, 1905, second high stand man in his class.

Monday evening, March 27th, President Luther spoke before a meeting of the East Hartford Business Men's Association.

Bowne, '06, has been elected to the Tripod Board and will have charge of the Alumni and Athletics Department.

President Luther was a guest at the smoker given by the Philadelphia Alumni on Monday evening, April 24th, at No. 251 S. 22d Street, Philadelphia, the residence of Rt. Rev. A. Mackay-Smith, '70, bishop-coadjutor of Pennsylvania.

The Dramatic Club is rehearsing for an entertainment to be given in Alumni Hall on the evening of May 29th. The members of the club will present the farce "Ici On Parle Francaise" which combined with the other attractions of the evening will be sure to make an interesting program.

Sunday evening, April 9th, Dr. Luther made an address at the Windsor Avenue Congregational Church. His subject was "Why Some Men Do Not Go To Church."

Bowne, '06, has been elected President of the H. P. H. S. Club to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Sherwood, '05.

Dr. G. W. Russell, '34, celebrated the ninetieth anniversary of his birth by holding an informal reception at his home on Farmington Ave., on the evening of April 10th. A number of the undergraduates were present.

H. D. Nims, a graduate of Williams College and now secretary of the College Men's Political Association of New York City, spoke to a number of the students in the Latin Room, Saturday evening, April 15th. He spoke of the large sphere of work for college men in politics and urged the organizing, if possible, of a club of Trinity undergraduates to study municipal questions.

The Committee on Committees of the Senior Class has appointed the following committees for Senior Week: Dramatics—Pelton, chairman; Stedman, Blakesley. Senior Ball—Gostenhofer, chairman;



Boyd, Meredith. Entertainment and General Arrangements—Welles, chairman; Kennedy, Burrows.

The Rev. Henry A. McNulty, general secretary of the Church Students' Missionary Association, addressed the Missionary Society, Monday evening, April 17th.

The under-class debate was held in the Latin Room, Monday evening, April 17th. Both the Freshman and Sophomore teams had worked hard for the event and a good debate was the result.

Recent visitors on the Campus—J. A. Moore, '97; P. H. Bradin, '03; W. B. Allen, '04; O. Tayloe Paine, '96; Rev. Karl Reiland, '97; W. S. Trumbull, '03.

Prof. Kleene has picked the following men to represent Trinity in the Rutgers debate: Harriman, '05, Curtiss, '06 and de Mauriac, '07. Alternates, G. A. Cunningham, '07, and Berman, '08. The debate will be held in Alumni Hall June 2.

The Rt. Rev. Chauncey B. Brewster, D. D., Bishop of the diocese, visited the college chapel on the evening of April 13th. The Bishop administered the rite of confirmation to a class of three and also gave a brief address, taking for his text Eph. 3:16, "That he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man."

The department of Natural History has received a gift of live fish for the Aquaria from Mr. J. J. Seinsoth of Hartford.

The fund for the new floating biological laboratory now amounts to about \$1,600. A considerable number of alumni and undergraduates have interested themselves in the project.

The Senior Class has elected the following men to fill the several Class Day offices: President, R. M. Ewing; treasurer, W. F. Bulkley; orator, A. R. Goodale; poet, W. P. Stedman; presenter, C. J. Harriman; historian, F. G. Burrows; statistician, C. M. Rhodes.

1905 planted its class tree on the Campus, Friday afternoon, April 14th, with fitting ceremonies. Dr. Edwards, the class officer of the Seniors, delivered the oration.

The special preacher in chapel Sunday, May 7th, was Dean Hodges of Cambridge Divinity School. The Dean preached an able sermon at the morning service and gave an address at the afternoon service. At 6 p. m. the college body dined in the Old Common and later attended a reception given by President and Mrs. Luther, in honor of Dr. Hodges, in the reading-room of the Library.



Goodale, '03, has been a recent visitor on the Campus. He has won the University Fellowship in Zoology at Columbia University, having passed the best competitive examination in a class of some twenty graduate students from leading institutions in the country.

The young ladies who have attended the various Germans given during the year by the German Club gave a Cotillion in Alumni Hall, on the evening of May 8th.

During the week of May 1-6, Dr. Luther gave a series of three lectures at the divinity school in Alexandria, Va.

The board walk at Trinity is fast becoming a thing of the past. Since the Easter recess the second instalment of flag stones has arrived and been laid. Now there is a fine flag-walk about one-third of the distance from Vernon street to the Campus.

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## ATHLETICS.

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### BASEBALL.

#### Trinity 24—Rutgers 2

ON April 19th, at New Brunswick, Trinity defeated Rutgers by the score 24-2. Rutgers' score came in the first and second innings. Once on a two-bagger, a stolen base and an error and in the other inning on a three-bagger and a sacrifice. Trinity's score came principally in the 3rd and 5th innings, when 11 and 6 runs, respectively, came in. Morgan pitched for Trinity and allowed 7 scattered hits. Fisher was substituted for Van Sant in the box but 4 runs were secured off him by Trinity. 23 hits, 7 errors and 4 bases on balls and some very poor headwork by Rutgers contributed to the score. Madden was the bright individual slugging star, securing 2 home runs, 2 three-baggers and 2 singles out of 6 times at bat.

#### Trinity 4—Lafayette 11

At Easton, Pa., on April 22, Trinity met defeat at the hands of Lafayette by score of 11-4. Bowman of Trinity opposed Kinsey and had a little the worst of the argument. Each team was charged with 4 errors. However, Lafayette was fortunate enough to bunch their hits with our errors. Lafayette clinched the game in the 6th inning by a two-bagger, 4 singles and an error which netted 6 runs. Trinity scored



in the 1st inning, Morgan was passed, Landefeld was hit and Powell hit to Kinsey, who threw to third to force Morgan. Hubley left the base uncovered and two runs came in. Madden hit to short-stop but Powell was at the plate ahead of the ball. The third run was the result of an error and a long hit to deep right.

### Trinity 2—University of Penn. 0

At Franklin Field, on April 24, Trinity defeated University of Pennsylvania by score 2-0. Badgely opposed Crimean and only allowed one hit, while Trinity bumped Crimean safely 6 times. The fielding of the teams was not of best order. Weekes of Pennsylvania made a sensational catch which brought the team out of a hole in the 6th inning. Landefeld struck out, Powell singled to short center. Madden hit safely to left and Zeigler allowed the ball to go by him, Powell scoring. Clement walked and started to steal second, Hare threw high and Madden came home and Clement continued to 3rd. Bowman fanned, Burwell walked and stole second. Dravo hit a low liner toward 3rd base and Weekes ran up on it and nabbed it a few inches from the ground. Badgely fielded his position beautifully.

### Trinity 6—Lehigh 7

At South Bethlehem, April 25, Trinity lost to Lehigh by score of 7-6. The game had been Trinity's game all through to the 8th inning. Bowman held his opponents down to one hit until the 8th when he weakened and was hit almost at will. Trinity outfielded and outbatted Lehigh but the graces were not with her. Long at 3rd base for Lehigh accepted 12 out of 13 possible assists. For Trinity, Powell deserves honorable mention. Landefeld also played well.

### Trinity 1—Navy 1

At Annapolis, on April 26, Trinity and the Middies played a tie game in the drizzling rain. Badgely and Needham were in the points and held down their positions with credit. Badgely allowed 6 scattered hits, Needham 4, of which 3 were consecutive. Morgan was safe on a drive to left field. Landefeld's liner was too hot for Theobald. Powell scored Morgan with a pretty single to centre. Annapolis scored their tally on Clement's carelessness, pulling his foot off the bag too quick.



### Trinity 0—Manhattan 15

At Ontario Field, April 27, Manhattan downed Trinity rather easily by the score of 15-0. Landefeld had to go into the box as both pitchers were out of commission. Powell played 3rd base and Badgely played short-stop. Landefeld allowed 12 hits, gave 8 bases on balls, 7 of which turned into runs and his team mates were charged with 5 misplays.

### Trinity 0—Seton Hall 2

At South Orange, April 28, Seton Hall triumphed over Trinity by score of 2-0. Bowman was opposed by Holton and had by far the better argument. Holton allowed 8 hits, Bowman 6, Holton gave one more base on balls and Bowman fanned 10 men to Holton 8. Trinity threw her game away by poor base running. In the 2nd inning 4 consecutive hits netted 2 runs and the game.

### Trinity 5—Fordham 6

At New York, April 29, Fordham defeated Trinity 6-5. Badgely pitched excellent ball but there was no support in the field for him. Every man but one that reached 1st base succeeded in completing the circuit. Fordham was unusually fast on bases. Trinity scored 4 runs in the second inning on Murray's wildness; one more run came in the 3rd inning, batter hit, a base on balls and an infield out followed by an error. Murray gave 6 bases on balls and hit one batter. His support was excellent.

### Trinity 0—Mass. Aggies 1

At Hartford, on May 3, the Massachusetts Agricultural College team defeated Trinity 1-0. It was a pitcher's battle between Badgely and Cobb. 3 hits were secured off Badgely while Cobb only allowed two. The Aggies won out in the 9th inning on a single by Hunt and a double by Ingham.

### Trinity 10—Rutgers 3

At Hartford, on May 5th, Trinity defeated Rutgers by score of 10-3. Bowman was in the box and allowed but 3 hits. Nine were secured off Rutgers. Segoine started the game for Rutgers and 7 hits netting 6



runs were secured during 6 innings. Van Sant went in and in the 7th inning gave two passes, hit one batter and allowed two hits which coupled with an expensive error allowed 4 runs to cross the rubber. Rutgers scored 3 runs, on three errors. Bowman's hitting was the feature of the game.

### Trinity 5—N. Y. U. 0

At Hartford, May 10, Trinity defeated New York University 5-0. Bowman was in the box and was very steady throughout, allowing one hit. His support was good, only two errors and those were robbing the other team of hits. Bowman fanned 11 men and gave but one base on balls. Landefeld carried the batting honors of the day. 11 hits were secured off Lowther and every one on the team but Powell secured a single.

### Trinity 6—Wesleyan 0

At Trinity Field, May 13, Trinity downed Wesleyan by the score 6-0. Badgely opposed Monroe and outclassed him entirely. 3 scattered hits were all that Wesleyan could do in the hitting line while Monroe was hit safely 7 times and usually at opportune moments. Trinity began in the first inning. Morgan flew out to Morgan. Landefeld was out, Smith to Taylor. Powell drew a base on balls. Madden hit to Smith and he threw the ball over to the football field and Powell and Madden raced home. Clement closed the inning flying out to Hancock. In the third inning Landefeld hit to Smith and he came all the way round. In the 5th inning Powell doubled to left field and came home on an infield error. In the 8th inning Clement singled along 1st base line, took second on a passed ball, third on Bowman's out and scored on Burwell's out at 1st. Dravo singled and took second on a passed ball and scored on Badgely's clean single to right.



## THE STROLLER

COLLEGE is a funny place. THE STROLLER was thinking of this the other day. The occasion was one of the insurance games on the baseball field when a crowd of men from college had strolled over after dinner to watch an exciting inning between the Mutual Assurance and Sunset Life which was won by the latter with a score of 19 to 16. But it wasn't the game that THE STROLLER had in mind; it was the college men who were watching it. Their air was not one of scorn. You could hardly call it that. It was one of superiority. The errors caused laughs of real amusement; the good plays, by reason of their very infrequency, were greeted with mock applause, while the "cheering sections" which encouraged their respective champions brought forth all the wit in the company. Nor is THE STROLLER a false sentimentalist who is going to decry such actions. Far from it. THE STROLLER walked round with as lordly an air as the rest and felt just as superior. Nor was his pride any the less genuine. He felt proud of his careless negligee and with an indifferent manner was glad to feel that the spectators all knew that he was "from the college."

No, it is the wherefore of this feeling that brings forth THE STROLLER's musings. For the feeling does exist. No one can deny that. The college men would surely not deny it while the "don't know what to make of it" expression on the faces of the other spectators showed that really they could not honestly deny it.

Perhaps this attitude toward a college man is a survival of the very ancient days when all men who went to college were educated while all who did not were not. Perhaps it is a survival of the more recent days when all college men—that is all men who were able to go to college—were of a higher social plane than their fellows.

But THE STROLLER is merely an observer, not an investigator and he will not inquire into causes. But yet, although THE STROLLER is as lofty as anyone else and feels as intensely as anyone the vast gulf that exists between college men and all others he sometimes wonders, in his lazy way, at its existence. There seems to be no reason in it. There were probably ten men on the insurance teams who were vastly the intellectual superiors of ten college men whom THE STROLLER could name off-hand, but yet the latter are "college men" and the former are *not*. When the college man is graduated or is fired, the



town boy may be the president of an insurance company and the college man may be hired to shovel his walk. But during these few short years when the undergraduate has the proud privilege of signing "Jarvis Hall" to his letters or "—— College" after his name on a hotel register, he is the "gentleman" and the other is the "sad one."

THE STROLLER can call anyone of his classmates by all the vile names that he knows and if he doesn't put too much fervor into it he will suffer no ill consequences. But let him once call one of them a bank clerk even in jest and his fate is sealed.

There were great strapping fellows on the insurance teams with whom THE STROLLER had scraped an acquaintance or been scraped into an acquaintance. Their names he knows and calls them "That Smith" or "That Jones" but once let them display a willingness to come to college and *voilà!* "That Smith" and "That Jones" become "Tom" or "Harry" in the twinkling of an eye. Nor is THE STROLLER any less genuine in his "Tom" and "Harry" than he was in his other names. He may have discovered on closer acquaintance qualities that are very worthy of affection. He may have made other discoveries. But at any rate the man has leaped the great gulf and is no longer a "townie" but a "college man." Perhaps Smith or Jones change themselves. Undoubtedly they do. Perhaps in two or three years they are as lofty as THE STROLLER, even if they haven't the same frankness in expressing their feeling—or are not obliged to fill two pages.

While THE STROLLER was in the midst of his musings he happened to read an article in a neighboring college magazine commenting on the same thing, the two classes being called in this case the "town muckers" and the "college muts." This writer, however, deplored such "snobbishness." THE STROLLER doesn't. What's the use? Such feelings have existed ever since the days of Tom Brown and his "town and gown" fights. And they always will exist. They please the college men. They apparently do not annoy the equally good natured fellows from town. They amuse THE STROLLER. So let it be.





## EXCHANGES

A PART from the literary point of view there is always a great deal of interest in the pages of our exchanges, for the reason that each one is a mirror in which are reflected the life and the manner of thinking of each of the colleges whence the magazines come and a study of colleges is always of interest to a college man. Of course the reading matter is not always a correct index of the college where it originates but between the lines can be read a great deal more than the writers ever intended. For instance when one exchange contains the comment that "the baseball squad is practicing daily under Coach Donavan and the great enthusiasm shown gives promise of the most successful season the college will have ever had," it doesn't mean much for the reason that we know the usual course of college athletics too well, not to understand that probably Coach Donavan is exhorting daily for more men and more spirit; that the manager is "flying around with his head off" trying to get enough money to make the ends meet; that the "eight pitchers" whom the article probably mentions are likely to be three men who can pitch and five more who "have pitched;" and that every man in the college knows perfectly well that there is no chance of having "the most successful season."

But, nevertheless, there is a real interest in doing just such reading between the lines. We find in one exchange an account of a track meet in which a certain Van Twiller figures largely. The name catches us and we look further to see where else the name occurs. If we find that our hero figures also in the accounts of the cotillions or sings on the glee club we are delighted. But if on the other hand we find a picture of the track team and discover that the romantic Van Twiller is an ugly weazened little chap or a big brute with foreign origin written on his countenance, we are correspondingly disappointed.

When, again, we read that "the members of the Hobo Club had a barge party to Canton on Saturday night, taking supper at the Red Lion Inn," we heartily sympathize and wish that we had been along; or if we read that "the custom of college 'jingoos' is to be revived" we wonder what jingoos are and why the custom ever died. Perhaps we are sceptical as to whether the revivalists will have any success, knowing as we do the difficulty of reviving anything that has died a natural death.

Probably the most satisfactory of our exchanges is the *Williams Literary Magazine*. The appearance of the numbers is excellent, half



tones of things other than football teams and memorial halls are frequently printed and the cover is quiet but attractive. The stories and essays, of course, vary, but are always as good as the average and usually above it. The editorials treat of their subject very sanely and never hesitate to call a spade a spade. We never see in this magazine any of that glossing over of the true facts so common in our lesser exchanges. The subjects for the editorials are chosen with an idea to general interest and fulfill their purpose. We never see in the *Williams Lit.*, a page devoted to the discussion as to whether the college needs a new lawn mower, but on the contrary, read of the general effect of the fraternity system, the choosing of a college course or something of the sort. In brief, were we asked by an outsider who knew nothing of colleges to recommend a college magazine which would be of the most interest from every standpoint, we would unhesitatingly recommend the *Williams Lit.*

The *Harvard Monthly* is always noticeable for the apparent disinterestedness of its tone. The *Monthly* has evidently a standard to which it must conform and this standard seems to be that of an impartial observer of all things college and otherwise. When this standard is reached the *Monthly* is excellent and makes all our other exchanges look crude in comparison. But the difficulty is that although the tone is generally preserved the subjects chosen for remarks are sometimes too trivial to suit it and we are apt to get an impression like that caused by a small boy in man's clothes.

The *Nassau Literary Magazine* seems more full of life than the *Harvard Monthly* and almost as dignified in tone. Our principal difficulty with this exchange is that it usually comes to us as a bi-monthly or a quarterly.

The enigma among our exchanges is the *St. Stephens College Messenger*. Now we know absolutely nothing about this college except that it is very small. We deduce this fact from the absence of long athletic records and from periodical items which appear to treat the raising of a baseball team as a *probable* event or a basketball trip as an unusual thing. But nevertheless the *Messenger* is one of the best of our forty odd exchanges. The literary work is usually splendid, the editorials are mature and from the short news columns we get glimpses of an off hand, informal college life that appears to be delightful. We often wonder whether the absence of athletics as an all absorbing topic or as an unrelenting task master has anything to do with this. There is, however, one fault which the *Messenger* seems to have in common with



many other small college magazines. There seems to be a tendency to publish such out of place items as the following: "Spring must be here for Cony's 'side boards' have sprouted again" or to do such things as to address its readers as "fellows." A continuance of such practices is sure to bring on that term which is the *bete noire* of all college editors—namely "prep-schoolishness."

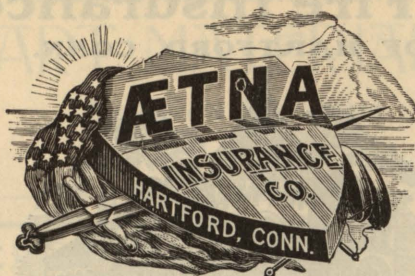
The *Smith College Monthly* although very different, naturally, from most of our exchanges is of a very high order, although we must be ungallant enough to say that in editorial work it is not up to the standard of a great many of our exchanges from men's colleges. The literary work, however, is usually better than a great deal of that contained in the pages of the latter. For that "reading between the lines" on which we commented in a former paragraph we are also interested in this *Monthly*. We smile at an editorial sentence which reads: "During the first two years of a girl's college career the importance of basketball is dangerously emphasized. By Christmas time a large majority of Freshmen have come to think of college as a place where nothing is worth while but making the team." We never knew that it had come to that. We were also amused by the exchange editor who evidently thought that Trinity was a Divinity School. But we are used to that. A great many people think so—outside of Hartford.

The *Dartmouth Magazine* is a very good periodical of the pure magazine type. The most striking feature of the recent numbers has been a series of illustrated sketches on "college types." The last one on the "four flusher" is not as good as some of those preceding. The heavy decorated type in which the whole number is printed is tiresome and hard to read.

Our last exchange, the *Minnesota Magazine* has a very solemn air throughout. The March number contains an essay on the origin of proper names, good in the main but ridiculous in part. For instance the writer suggests that the name Rummey is of "bibulous" origin. We were interested in an editorial on "East versus West" and were startled to discover that the westerners admitted to there being some good in the east. The writer says "In glancing over our eastern exchanges we have been struck from time to time by a certain tone which pervades these magazines and which seems to be wanting in our western college publications." But the author also modestly adds that "Our work shows freshness of thought and vigor of expression." This may be true but it seems as if we had heard that phrase before.



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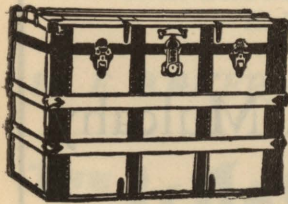
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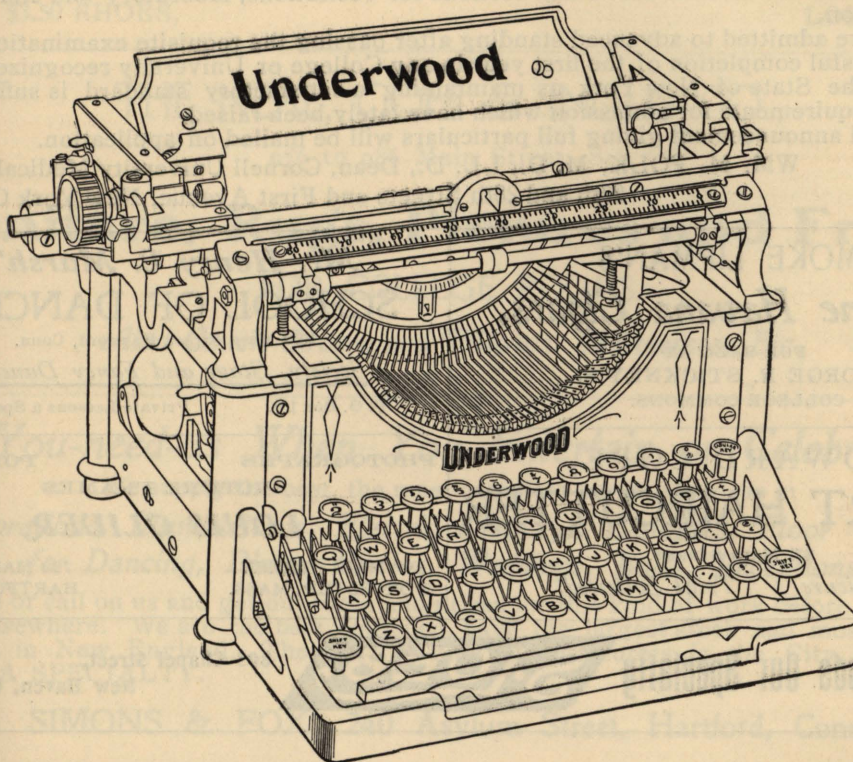
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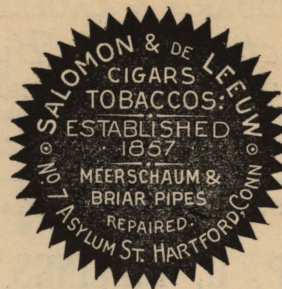
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